

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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\$1.00 a Year

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Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

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WOODS AND WATER

STREAMS I HAVE FISHED.

South Fork of Cranberry or Gladys

Flowing between Charles mountain on the south and Big Dog mountain on the north is found the water course Gladys. The stream is wholly within Pocahontas county. At its junction with the North Fork, it forms Cranberry River which plunges down its rocky bed to add its waters to the Gauley and helps form that stream, named by the Jesuits.

Gladys at its extreme upper end has suffered by the clearings made on three or four grazing farms. These farms overlook the Cranberry bogs. They are on steep mountain sides. Gladys gathers their waters and the little stream is as clear as crystal. It then enters the bog or glade.

"A hidden stream winding through shades of night!" When it emerges all the pristine beauty of the water is gone. The flow is liquid mud and it stands in pools of unknown depths overhung by the thickly interlacing rhododendrons.

Gladys enters the narrow defile between the mountains. Charles mountain takes its name from Charles Clendenine who also gave his name to the city of Charleston.

He seems to have had a penchant for inflicting his Christian name on towns and mountains.

It is not so clear where Big Dog mountain took its name, or Little Dog mountain either which lies between North Fork and the main river. We have heard that many decades since that an old settler killed two deer in the North Fork in one day. One deer was chased out of Big Dog by a big dog and the other from the opposite side by a little dog, and hence the name. While the hunter was dressing the first deer the first deer the second jumped into the bed of the creek and was shot.

Others claim that the two mountains take their names from the outlines which some fancy are like those of the noble quadruped but the fact remains that Big Dog and Little Dog stand firm and enduring, and whence their names is but of little moment to any save the antiquarian.

I have at odd times spent near a year at the forks of Cranberry at the foot of Little Dog and Big Dog. I generally recite all the Homer that I know to them but it never has moved them any:

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again,
I hold to you the hands you first beheld;
Methinks I hear your echoes answer me,
And bid your son, a welcome home again!"

Gladys flows among the rocks in the bed of the stream, depositing more and more of its mud, changing gradually from thick soup to thin and finally some six miles below the forks it runs clear once more.

Anyone who wants a first rate allegory on life can find it in Gladys. At first the stream is clear then it is muddied by youthful sins and indiscretions gathered from the filth in which it wallows. Then it begins to redeem itself and shortly after it unites with a tributary stream, (the Christian woman,) it loses all its mud and filth and flows on to oblivion and the sea a clear beautiful stream.

In the days when there were plenty of trout on Cranberry the fishing was especially good on Gladys. Many fishers avoided it on account of the muddy rocks, it being so greasy and dangerous to walk among them.

In those days by fishing a mile up stream was all that was necessary to bring in some twenty-five or thirty trout filling a ten pound basket. The trout were not so highly colored as the trout of North Fork, but they were as strong fighters and just as good to eat. On one occasion I caught fifty good sized trout in fifty min-

utes by the watch, walking down the last mile of the stream.

The best catch of trout I ever made on this prong, I had forty, all one in the lot, having all the little ones. I had two that was all but fourteen inches long and which would have averaged a pound. One of these large ones was a black fish and the other was a yellow one.

The yellow one I caught in a big pool below the mouth of Red River. It was the first cast I made. The big fellow came through the water with fire in his eye, which in itself was remarkable, and took the fly. I had him all but ashore when he slipped off. A usual fish in a fight like this looks up much larger than it really is and I was almost ready to swear, first, that it was eighteen inches long and, second, at my general bad luck.

I made another cast or two and for a wonder it took the fly again and I landed him. It must have not been pricked by the hook before. It is the rarest thing in the world for a big trout to take the fly a second time and this was one of the biggest trout I ever saw. Fish are inconsistent however and no rule hold good.

The deep pool where this tragedy occurred has wholly filled up and disappeared since then and the water is but a few inches deep.

On another occasion I caught two large trout at one cast in the stream. Again I caught a very large trout in one of the muddy pools way upstream, that had no lower jaw. It was a large fish and made a great fight. Probably some time in its history, some nervous fisher had jerked its jaw off.

The pool was fairly yellow it was so muddy and after a few casts on top, I let my fly sink in the water, trailing with it, a favorite way of fishing with many. The trout probably saw the insect through the murky waters and thought it should have known better, it was hooked and caught.

There is not a tenth part of the fish in North Fork there were ten years ago. So many are fond of the noble pastime, that the waters have been fished to depletion.

Last Fourth of July we saw five fishermen emerge at the forks after fishing down its whole length with hardly fish enough to feed one man.

Soon Cranberry will cease to be a trout stream unless the waters are restocked.

Roads and Dams.

Continually there is a cry for good roads to be built by the United States government. It has been estimated that at a cost not exceeding the Civil War the whole could have good roads and that the cost of the production of farm products would be greatly reduced and living in the country would be made ideal.

Now comes a famous engineer who claims that the good of such improvements could be doubted by putting such roads on a good grade and wherever a road crosses a hollow that an embankment be made to form a small reservoir.

The result would be to have hundreds of thousands such pockets to hold the water for irrigation purposes or to supply renewed rainfall and prevent a famine or a failure of crops.

Such a series of reservoirs would prevent any floods from rising to the danger point and on the whole be as beneficial to the country as the roads themselves.

The objection to large reservoirs would be avoided and the supply of water more evenly distributed.

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AS ROOSEVELT WOULD HAVE IT.

NOTES BY THE WAY

BUCKS RUN AND IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORHOOD.

A Drink that Cheered. Two Suggestive Burial Scenes.

I begin writing these notes seated on Joe McNeil's porch, on Buck's Run, this the 19th day of September, 1904. From the southern horizon there is wafted a gentle breeze, the avanteur of the equinoctial rains, so many are hoping for to replenish the springs and moisten the ground for sowing the next summer's harvest. Before leaving for the ripened cornfield Joe fixes things to make me comfortable, a nice chicken is guillotined, a bucket full to repletion with sparkling water is brought in from a distant spring, and a glass pitcher full to the brim with cider champagne placed on the window sill at my elbow that the said elbow might be curved just as often as I might feel like it—a little at a time but frequently.

Some one had been telling Joe about how one Charley Erhard had cautioned a customer not to be too free with some champagne cider that he was keeping on tap, for if he were not careful how he sampled such champagne cider, he might find it real-pain cider.

Joe was very certain such a caution might do for some cider of great pretensions but his was not of that sort, and I would find something he had not bargained for if I should find any pain about his make of cider.

A missionary to the Congo State, in Africa, says that King Leopold's citizens do not steal

much, but they do steal little and often. With this in mind that morning I did not drink much, but I sampled the glass pitcher little and often, and I found the Buck's Run brand of cider like the celebrated Thomas De Quincey's cup of tea—something that refreshed but did not inebriate.

The difference between the prohibitionist and me is this: They take their apple juice with the peelings on, I take mine, when I can get it, with the peelings off.

Saturday afternoon, the 17th, Lee Overholst came to Inframont's cottage to know whether I could attend a funeral at the Buckley graveyard that evening to officiate at the burial of Albert Rose, a young man who had died so unexpectedly that morning. It appears that worthy young man had gone from his home on Friday and while at a neighbor's had become violently ill and tried to return home, a mile or so distant, but upon reaching a neighbor's, just in sight of home, he was so bad that he fell in a faint, and had to be carried in and placed on a bed, where he died in a

few hours thereafter. The condition of the corpse had become quite bad Saturday morning—one at four o'clock and the other at nine o'clock.

climb when the summit of the graveyard hill was reached, where it was learned the funeral sermon was being preached at the residence a half-mile farther on and might be near conclusion.

About nine o'clock I took up my carriage and set out for a solitary walk to the "Upper Church," where I found a dozen or so young persons gathered for Sunday School, appointed for 10 o'clock. After waiting until nearly eleven, Superintendent Rodgers concluded as there were so few regular Sabbath School exercises would be deferred until the next Sunday, and asked me to lead in such devotional exercises as I might think best. By this time it had become generally understood that Mr. Lightner's funeral would not be deferred until Monday as had been generally supposed to give his children at Richwood and Baltimore time to be present, but funeral services were decided on for three o'clock at the residence.

After singing, reading the lesson of the day in concert and prayer by the Superintendent, a few minutes were spent in recommending those present to memorize Amos 3, 7, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he reveals his secret unto his servants the prophets."

Lizzie Pennel and Edna McNeil approached me so cordially and invited me so heartily to dinner at their homes that had it not been for a previous engagement, I would have been strongly inclined to make them pull straws to help me out of the tangle. But it so turned out that I met Joe

Pennel and then his son Addison at the church while Harvey went to the sorrowful home and returned with the body and the mourners. It was now about sundown and it was found it would take considerable time to widen the grave for the box that encased the casket. The church not being in a condition to be occupied on account of repairs the corpse was placed on the spacious platform and the audience seated on the steps, services were held while the needed preparations were being made. The twilight burial scene, considered in all its respects, was one of the most touching of its kind.

On two occasions previously the mother had come hither with her dead children, and now she was here to see the third buried, just the half of her number, three in their graves and three at home with her. The father at this time was absent to a remote part of the state to visit his aged mother.

Albert Rose was a young man just attained his majority and of whom many persons speak as being a very worthy character, and his friends feel their bereavement very sincerely. The Scripture used in the service at the platform was Psalm 119, 14, "Deal bountifully with thy servant that I may live and keep thy word."

Harvey carried me in his surrey to the home of Mrs. Addie McNeil, where I was welcomed and very kindly entertained for the night. Mrs. McNeil is one of the Rev. Joshua Buckley's seven daughters and the widow of the late Joshua McNeil, remembered by his many friends for many attractive traits of character. The writer will not soon forget how pleasant Mrs. McNeil and her children Frankie and Park made it for him. As the Supreme Being has revealed Himself as the Judge of the widows and the Fatherless ones and has made special provision for their well-being, I would hope and pray that these kind friends may have faith to claim them and so be made glad for all the days they may have been afflicted and the years wherein they have seen evil.

For about five years Mrs. Pennel has been an invalid and suffered grievously from prostration and nervousness and for weeks seemingly more dead than alive. Now she is apparently in robust health, and has pleasure in her useful life as something worth living, in promoting the comfort of her family and visiting friends.

Towards three o'clock we made ready to attend Mr. Lightner's funeral at the Buckley graveyard, about a mile distant by the nearest way across the fields. Mrs. Pennel declared if Uncle Billy could make it she was certain she could keep up. Our way led over the beds of dried up streams, across precipitous ravines, and up almost perpendicular grass covered slopes. At one place a sixteen wire fixed post rail fence had to be climbed. Then there were rail fences that could be lowered for easier crossing and then came bars and gates, afterward a long

climb when the summit of the

graveyard hill was reached, where it was learned the funeral sermon was being preached at the residence a half-mile farther on and might be near conclusion.

As it turned out, however, it was nearly two hours that we passed under the trees before the funeral cortege appeared, moving slowly over the fields and making up one of the most suggestive scenes I have as yet witnessed on the hundreds of occasions I have seen departed ones carried to their graves, when all the surroundings are taken into consideration.

About sixteen years previously his wife, a devoted mother and much esteemed neighbor, was borne here followed by her husband and many children of young and tender years, one in the father's arms, and laid to rest while the sounds of the stormy winds blended with the weeping and mourning of the bereaved ones.

Now that the father comes to take his place by her side on a calm, quietly peaceful September Sabbath evening, attended by one of the largest assemblies ever seen at this historic resting place of the dead of four or five generations. As the large assemblage slowly dispersed for their homes at the setting of the sun one felt that it was a fitting time to sing, as was sung at the close of the morning services at Upper Swago:

"Together let us sweetly sing,
Together let us die,
And each a stately crown receive
And reign above the sky."

W. T. P.

Notice.

To Whom it May Concern:

All parties will please take notice that the firm of Arbogast, Harper & Mohn has been dissolved; the interest therein of P. C. Harper having been purchased by the undersigned, who will hereafter conduct the business, manufacture of lumber, under the name of Arbogast, Mohn & Co.

E. M. ARBOGAST,
G. C. MOHN.

Sept. 12, 1904.

Do You Know Why?
J. H. Clark's photographs always please the people because they bear the stamp of excellence of beauty and true art value the results of not using cheap plates or cheap anything. New gallery at Hillsboro, fitted with the cele

brated single slant sky light.

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